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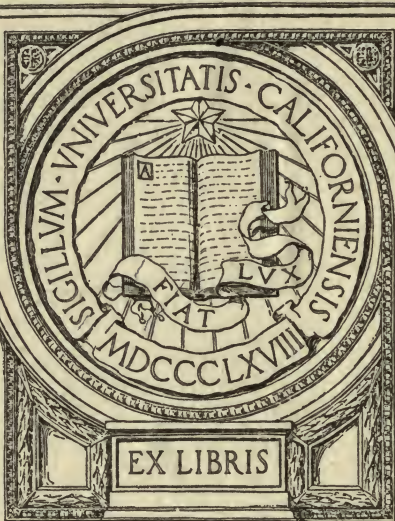


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GIFT OF


*F. F. Haas*



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Printed by the British Museum Press, London

# The **B**ilioustine

A Periodical of Knock

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Motto: Love One Another and Knock

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Printed whenever we  
need the money by  
the Boy Grafters at  
East Aurora, Illinois.

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Single Copies  
Twenty-five Cents.

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NOTE: Originally published in the Chicago Tribune ("A Line-o'-Type-or-Two" column, written by Bert Leston Taylor), and now done into a book and published for the Boy Grafters by William S. Lord, Evanston, Illinois. (Copyright 1901, by William S. Lord. All rights reserved.)



# How *The Bilioustine* Was Founded

[From "*A Line-o'-Type-or-Two*" of  
*April 12.*]

**W**E are much gratified to announce that we have secured three lots of land at East Aurora, Ills., and are now negotiating for the closing of an alley, and upon this site we shall institute the home of the Boy Grafters, the object of which is to do things into gold bricks and other articles calculated to con the community, especially that part of it which is female and literary and adores speaking eyes and conversational long hair, and Fra McGinnis will be in charge of the shop. He is very long in hair, and is the original goo-goo eye man.

[From "*A Line-o'-Type-or-Two*" of *April 13.*]

As We are happy to report that our negotiations for closing the alley at East Aurora, Ills., resulted satisfactorily, and the work of housing the Boy Grafters will begin at once. There is an old building now on the property, and in this, temporarily, the work of the Boy Grafters will be carried on. Work is now being rushed on the first number of *THE BILIOUSTINE*, the magazine with which the Boy Grafters propose to con the community. Our first announcement has created a vast amount of interest, and we have received many inquiries as to what sort of person Fra McGinnis is. He will be known by his works, and we can only say now that he is not such a fool as he looks. As we have not the space to reproduce the entire number of *THE BILIOUSTINE* in this column, we shall have to publish it a page at a time.



# *The Tribe of Knock*

Otherwise

## **The Society of the Boy Grafters**

AN ASSOCIATION OF CLEVER PERSONS WHO PAINT, POSE AND PREEN, FOR THE BENEFIT OF WOMEN THAT ADORE LONG HAIR AND SOFT EYES. (NOTE: FRA MCGINNIS WILL GLADLY SEND YOU A LOCK OF HIS HAIR ON SUSPICION.)



ARTICLE xlix.—Address all communications to Fra McGinnis, Head Grafter, East Aurora, Ills. People with the price to hire a hall can also have the Fra for preachments. Anybody desiring to entertain the Fra socially is warned that he is not responsible for what he may say or do for the purpose of advertising himself. Better put him in the stable.

VERY SPECIAL: On receipt of \$50 The Boy Grafters will send you a gold brick, done into brass at their Philandery,

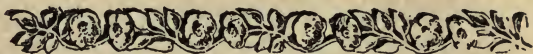
EAST AURORA, ILLINOIS.

# Notice! Important!

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**T**HE BOY GRAFTERS originally planned to get out 647 copies of *THE BILIOUSTINE*, done onto Watt'ell hand-launders paper, with all the other rub-a-dub-dub that has made their work justly famous; but the orders have poured in at such a rate that it has been decided to do 984 copies, each numbered and autographed by Fra McGinnis, with a portrait of the Fra in a Quaker hat, as a frontispiece. The Fra has more front than a hotel. ▼ ▼ ▼

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**T**HIS is a strictly limited edition, and is designed for circulation in and around Chicago. Another limited edition of 984 copies will be circulated in and about Denver; a third in and about Buffalo; and a fourth in and about the Atlantic States. This explanation is made for the benefit of people who do not know what a limited edition is. ▼ ▼ ▼ ▼

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## Uneda Bilioustine!

# LITTLE JOURNEYS

To the Scenes of FAMOUS EXPLOSIONS

BY FRA MCGINNIS

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*S E R I E S   O F   1 9 0 1*

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The Explosion in Lake Michigan.

The Explosion in the Chicago River.

The Explosion of the War Ship on  
the Drainage Canal.

Each bound in Burlap, lined with wall paper,  
with author's autograph and lock of his hair.

Single copies, . . . \$13.00.



Note: The Boy Grafters will be glad to do anybody on  
suspicion. Send for come-on literature done in green.  
EAST AURORA, ILLINOIS.

# HAIR! HAIR!

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THE Boy Grafters will be pleased to send a lock of Fra McGinnis' Hair on suspicion. The Fra has been saving his cuttings for the past ten years, and has a barrellful. Address SINDBAD, THE BUZZ-SAW, at the Philandery, East Aurora, Illinois.

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## S P E C I A L!

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▼ A few choice handfuls have been done into sofa pillows, covered with Imperial Chinese silk, stitched by hand, and hand-illuminated by Saint Bill. Very Boygraffie. Will be sent on suspicion. ▼ ▼ ▼

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## VERY SPECIAL!

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▼ Persons desiring fresh hair can obtain it in limited quantities by applying after each new moon, at which time Fra McGinnis trims his locks in order to stimulate their growth. ▼ ▼ ▼ ▼ ▼

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# Unedda Haircut!

# THE BILIOUSTINE

## FAME

*If you would strike the road to fame  
Just print a lot of rot;  
And if you make it strong enough  
You'll win, as like as not.*

### *Side Wipes by the Pastor at His Flock.*



TOOK a trip to Denver recently over the P. D. & Q. railroad, the best road in the country (I have an annual pass over it,) and in the smoking car I noticed a wreck of a man, who confessed to me that reading essays printed on ordinary paper with ordinary ink, and bound in ordinary cloth covers, had impaired his eyesight and general health. "What you need," said I, "are preachments done into English on Watt'ell hand-made paper, bound in burlap, with hand-painted initial letters, and a bas-relief photogravure of myself done into brown on Japan vellum, with a backing of limp calf." "Who are you?" asked the man, grasping my hand as a shipwrecked mariner grasps a tomato crate. "I

**THE BILIOUS-TINE** am Fra McGinnis of the Boy Grafters," I replied, removing my sombrero and permitting my hair to fall about my Florentine shoulders.

▼ "Fra McGinnis," repeated the man, "it seems to me I have heard of you. You publish—" ▼

▼ "My dear sir," I interrupted, "the Boy Grafters 'publish' nothing; they do it into English." ▼

▼ "Isn't your printing shop at East Aurora, Ills.?"

▼ "We have no 'printing shop,' " I corrected. "We have a Philandery, in which we do things on Watt'ell hand-laundered paper. Let me do you on suspicion."

Saying which I opened my sample case and exhibited a few lovely things stitched by hand with silk. The

man pawed them over in trembling delight. "Ah!"

he cried, "this is what I have always yearned for!"

Ten minutes later I had his order for Tom Hood's "Song of the Shirt," done on imported Madras, with

a narrow blue stripe, photogravure of Fra McGinnis for a tailpiece, and illuminated silhouette of Sindbad

the Buzz-saw, for a frontispiece; size 15½; price \$150 a dozen. ▼ ▼ ▼ ▼

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*THE BOY GRAFTERS will be glad to send a bust of Fra McGinnis on suspicion. Something very tender, very precious. Modeled in mud by Sinbad. Price, \$33; cheaper in dozen lots.*



## THE BILIOUS- TINE



S I was standing in the alley beside the Philandery the other day, thinking up something particularly vulgar for the next number, a man approached me with befitting reverence. "Is this Fra McGinnis?" he asked. "Can't you tell by my hair?" said I. "I am a reformed barkeeper," said the man, "and I would like some work that will take my mind off bottles and kegs." "Were you a good hand at doing liquors into cocktails?" I asked. "My customers said so," he replied, modestly. "Very well, I'll put you in charge of the mud-mixing department," said I. "Go into the Philandery and tell Sindbad to do you into a saint."

▼ Saint Malone is now in charge of the Boy Grafters' Sculpture department. He has recently done a bust of myself into mud that I will gladly send to the elect on suspicion. Write for come-on circulars.

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*VERY SPECIAL; "Smoking Car Stories," being a collection of yarns spun to Fra McGinnis by Boccaccio Kennedy of Minneapolis, with others of the Fra's own devising. Very rank and risky.*



## THE BILIOUS- TIME

**D**EAR little Playmate in the Forest of Arden,  
take my word for it — motley's the only  
wear. What tho' the judicious grieve?  
The unskillful laugh and applaud; and the  
unskillful pay the freight. ▼ ▼

▼ Always play ragtime with your foot on the loud  
pedal. ▼

▼ That is an epigram, Playmate. I turn them fre-  
quently and without exertion; and usually I do them  
into separate paragraphs. ▼ ▼ ▼

Personally, Playmate, I do not fancy motley for rai-  
ment. I should prefer a suit of sober cut and color.  
For I am by nature serious, as is every thinking being.  
But prithee, Playmate, were I to appear serious,  
where would I get off? Not having an epigram handy,  
I will continue: ▼ ▼

▼ Motley's the only wear, in Arden or out. The  
reason, playmate, that I am handing you this little talk  
is that I do not wish you to think that I am as big a  
fool as I pretend to be. ▼

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### CONFESSIOAL

*Am I alone  
And unobserved? I am.  
Then let me own  
I am an esthetic sham.*

—Saint Bunthorne.

*Things are seldom what they seem;  
Skim-milk masquerades as cream.*

## THE BILIOUS- TINE

Fads, Playmate, are usually expensive for their possessors. I am one of the Rare Ones that have made money out of their fads. Keep this to yourself, Playmate. I wouldn't have it get abroad for the world.



**D**EAR little Playmate in the Star Garden of the Universe: What's the use?

▼ It's hot, and dusty, and the electric fan is all run down, and I repeat—for repetition is the keynote of the Universe—What's the use?

▼ You observe I use capitals freely. They don't cost any more, and they look better in Antique Black Face.

▼ Take my word for it, Dear Playmate—or not, just as you please—we are all players with Star Dust. Some of us get more dust than others; that is all the difference. I am rapidly acquiring dust enough to build a planet of responsible size because I know how

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### ENNUI

*I wish I were a resident  
Of Mercury or Mars;  
For then I wouldn't care a hoot  
About the Earth's Affairs.*

*—Fra McGinnis.*

**THE** to advertise. Take my word for it, Playmate—as I  
**BILIOUS-** remarked before—you must advertise these days.

**TINE** ▼ Once upon a time—a long, long time ago—wise men with messages of importance to the world delivered them simply, and were content with the deliverance. Now a man must get a Kickapoo medicine makeup and pose all the long, long day in order to gain the ear and eye of the world.

▼ But take my word for it, Dear Playmate—or go to thunder—we are all variety performers on the roof garden of the world. Some of us are headliners; some do thinking parts. I know, because I am

FRA MCGINNIS.



### *Little Liver Pills*



T is extremely difficult to be entertaining and clean at the same time, especially on ordinary paper and in ordinary ink.

▼ Think of a life without Japan vellum! Imagine an existence void of Watt'ell hand-made paper and antique black face! Yet millions of our

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NO NUMBER OF THE BILIOUSTINE WILL BE RE-PRINTED.

fellow-beings never know the joys of a de luxe life. **THE  
BILIOUS-  
TINE**

▼ Fra McGinnis is preparing a preachment, which he will shortly do into hot air in Chicago. It is entitled, "The Gentle Art of Making an Ass of One's Self."

▼ Next to boiling an egg there is nothing easier to do than an epigram. Just take a pertinent saying by some dead genius and turn it inside out.

▼ The Boy Grafters have done a few bas reliefs of Fra McGinnis in chewing gum, which they will be glad to send to the female elect on suspicion.

▼ Every subscriber to The Bilioustine is entitled to a can of Love Vibrations. If you don't get it, make a holler.

▼ Work on the next number of THE BILIOUSTINE is now progressing at the Philandery. Saint McPherson is designing a cover that for artistic effect has never been equaled.

▼ The editions of the Fra's "Little Journeys to the Scenes of Famous Explosions" are already exhausted. A fresh batch will soon be put in the oven.



# THE BILIOUS- TINE

*THE PALE-BLUE ASS*  
*I never saw a pale-blue ass—*  
*I've always wished to see one.*  
*Meanwhile I do my level best*  
*Endeavoring to be one.*

—Fra McGinnis.

## **Mr. Dubbe Sees Fra McGinnis**

**I** WENT to East Aurora, Ill., yesterday to see Fra McGinnis, and I confess that I carried a strong prejudice with me. I had regarded the Fra as a species of literary rendering works, which ought to be abated as a common nuisance. The questions that I desire to settle were, Is the man sincere? Does he believe in humanity? A rendering works may be sincere, and I can conceive the possibility of a soap factory believing in humanity. The Fra, I reflected, for all his grotesqueness, all his vulgarity—may be a sincere believer in the human race and desirous of bettering its low estate.

▼ I found the Fra in the alley that skirts the Philandery, standing in a negligee attitude, with a far-away expression in his eyes. I waited till he had completed his pose, and then introduced myself.

▼ “Let us go into the Philandery,” said he, “and do a few thoughts into conversation.”

▼ “Is there,” I required, “any place near by where one can do a Jamaica ginger highball into renewed interest in life?”

▼ Fra McGinnis smiled—one of those benedictory smiles for which he is justly celebrated—and led the way to a neighboring highballery.

▼ After we had done a clove into a breath from the Molucca Isles, we repaired to the Philandery, and, piloted by the Fra, I inspected each stage of the game.

▼ “How happy the Boy Grafters look,” I remarked.

▼ “Why not?” said the Fra. “They get 17 cents a day, and all the work they can lug. The Philandery is for the Boy Grafters. They have nothing to do but work. Work is for all. Work is Beauty, and Beauty is Work. Ars longa, vita brevis! That reminds me of a story I heard in Minneapolis, about the drummer and—”

▼ Here Fra McGinnis did a small fertilizer, and laughed immoderately when he had finished. “Do you know,” said he, “I once knew a man in a small New York town, who had no liking at all for such merry tales. He used to say that, whereas the



**THE** average man would tell a risky yarn of that nature, he  
**BILIOUS-** usually gave it an apologetic preface, and finished it  
**TINE** shamefacedly. And yet this man was the meanest  
curmudgeon in the township. He was a terror to  
the widow and the orphan, and kicked every stray  
dog that got in his way.''' ▼ ▼ ▼

▼ "From which you argue?" said I inquiringly. ▼

▼ "That the relating, or the printing, of offcolor  
jests or stories is not so much a matter of common  
decency as of business cleverness in doing one's self  
into a topic for town talk.'" ▼ ▼

▼ This was said with such an air of convincingosity  
that I was constrained to accept it as Truth. ▼

▼ Fra McGinnis, finding me a good listener, en-  
chanted mine ear for an hour or more, and little by  
little I fell under the spell of his fathomless eyes. Fra  
McGinnis, to sum him up, believes in himself, be-  
cause he knows himself. I should say there was a  
touch of poetic bughouse about him, with, say, a jig-  
ger of mysticism and a dash of genius. When he  
talks you feel as if some one were going through  
your pockets. When he opens his mouth you feel  
instinctively that he is not going to put his foot in it—  
and you never know why. ▼ ▼ ▼



▼ I came away perfectly satisfied. Fra McGinnis is **THE**  
 sincere, and he believes in humanity. ▼ ▼ **BILIOUS-**  
 ▼ He believes it can be worked. ▼ ▼ **TINE**  
 CRITICUS FLUB-DUBBE.



*POSE*

*You hold yourself like this [attitude],  
 You hold yourself like that [attitude];  
 And say or write some thing that's quite  
 Indecorous or flat.*

—Fra McGinnis.



***Little Journeys to the Homes of  
 Famous Posers***

*[As written by Poeta Pants, the initial letter being designed by Saint Clarence, and the whole done into a good job by the Boy Grafters, at their Philandery, which is in East Aurora, Illinois, U. S. A., in the month of May, in the year MCMI, A. D.]*

**I** DON'T care what the men, who are jealous, say about Fra McGinnis; I think he is just lovely; and his poses are poetry itself. I had just the nicest time on my trip to East Aurora. Fra McGinnis was amiability personified, and, besides his usual poses, he did a number of new ones for my special benefit. "I am rehearsing these for my next Preachment," he

**THE** said. "How do you like this?" And sniffting to his  
**BILIOUS-** other limb, he melted—I can think of no other word—  
**TINE** into the sweetest attitude imaginable. ▼ ▼

▼ "Let us talk about Art," said the Fra. "By all means," said I; "I am awfully fond of Art. I think it's just fine." ▼ ▼ ▼

▼ "Art," said the Fra, dreamily, "is hot stuff." As he said this he fixed his sad, solemn gaze upon me and kept it there till I began to get creepy. Did you ever notice a carette horse looking at your straw hat? It was just such a sad, yearning expression. ▼

▼ "Art," resumed Fra McGinnis, "should be pursued for its own sake. Unfortunately it is infrequently remunerative when so pursued. The World's eye and ear must be attracted. How to do it? Ah, that's the question. Now I pose. It's a good game; but it's tedious, very cloying." ▼

▼ "Then, why do you do it?" I asked sympathetically.

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#### YEARNING

*Whene'er the pesky Summer Fly  
My classic Brow assails,  
I wish that I could swish my Hair  
Like horses swish their tails.*

—Fra McGinnis.

▼ “Why,” said the Fra, with just the loveliest shrug, “one must live.” ▼ ▼

▼ “Must one?” I exclaimed impulsively. “Sometimes I wonder in my artless, idiotic way, whether one really must live.” ▼ ▼ ▼

▼ “Dear little playmate on Evolution’s Outer Rim,” said the Fra, taking both my hands, “believe me, one really must live. It is a law of our nature. The happiest are those that, like Schopenhauer, see the necessity of things and stop kicking. You remember what he says in ‘Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung’?”

▼ “No,” said I, “I have read only his essay on Woman and I think that’s just horrid.” ▼

▼ “He was a great man,” said the Fra, musingly, “Sometimes I think he was as great a man as I. Like myself, he voiced a New Thought. But my hair is longer, and I can tell funny stories all ’round him.”

▼ At this point I trembled, fearing that Fra McGinnis would do a naughty story into fertilizer. But he didn’t, and I breathed easier. He released my hands and rose, sighing heavily. The interview was ended. I had already consumed four minutes of his valuable time. ▼ ▼ ▼

▼ Before I departed the Fra gave me a can of his

**THE** Love Vibrations and showed me how to open it. "You  
**BILIOUS-** put this little ear of tin thru the slit in the key, then  
**TINE** turn the key round and round till the lid comes off. "

▼ "Why, it's just like sardines," I said. ▼

▼ "Yes," said the Fra, dreamily; "little fishes done  
in oil; little love vibrations done in ether. Farewell."

▼ "O, I almost forgot", I cried. "Won't you give  
me a lock of your hair?" ▼ ▼

▼ "With pleasure," he answered, shearing off a  
small Hyperion curl. "I have hair to sing. Again  
farewell!" ▼

POETA PANTS.



*And here concludeth the Little Journey, as written by Poeta  
Pants, the Tailpiece being designed by Saint Archibald, and the  
whole stuck together in elegant shape by the Boy Grafters, at  
their Philandery, which is in East Aurora, Illinois, which is in  
the United States, in the Month of May and the Year MCMII,  
A. D.*

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#### APPRECIATION

*Occasionally, when I pose,  
I think, in secret pride  
"I'll bet I'd make a Statue grand  
If I were petrified."*

—Fra McGinnis.

### ADMONITORY

*Speak gently to the naughty Fra,  
And beat him when he sneezes.  
He only does it to annoy,  
And 'cause he knows it teases.*

## THE BILIOUS- TINE

### ***Entertaining Fra McGinnis***

*As written by Sindbad the Buzz-saw, the initial letter being designed by Saint Sally of the Philandery Alley, and the whole done into ten-point Caslon Old Style by Harry the Hand-setter, honest Boy Grafters.*

**I** HAVE just returned from a Preachment Perambulation—in vulgar parlance, a lecture tour—with Fra McGinnis, from which we raised enough money to repaint the Philandery and shingle the L.

▼ The Fra made the biggest hit at Duluth, where there is a regular epidemic of culture. After the usual hot air at the opera-house, Mrs. Camp-Cook, the society leader, asked Fra McGinnis if she might have the honor of entertaining him. ▼

▼ “I always charge \$25 extra when I am entertained,” said the Fra, coldly. ▼ ▼ ▼

▼ “How original,” gurgled Mrs. Camp-Cook, “I shall be happy to pay it.” ▼ ▼

▼ “In advance,” added the Fra. Mrs. Camp-Cook

**THE** counted out the money into my hands, and we re-  
**BILIOUS-** paired to her residence on East Superior street, where  
**TINE** we found a large company of society people, who had gathered in the expectation that Fra McGinnis would scintillate for their benefit. Evidently they did not know him. When the company had gathered in the drawing room, Fra McGinnis entered and took a seat in the middle of the room. He kept on his large Quaker hat, as is his custom, and, adjusting a de luxe attitude, with his chin propped by his club-cane, he stared pensively at the corner of an oil painting. Everybody voted the pose charming, but at the end of half an hour, during which time the Fra said nothing, Mrs. Camp-Cook began to get uneasy. ▼

▼ Finally the Fra rose, with a gesture of weariness, and addressed the hostess, ▼ ▼ ▼

▼ “Damme Laura,” said he, (the Fra always uses the first name of a woman when speaking to her,) “damme, Laura, if your promised entertainment is not speedily forthcoming, I shall go to bed.”

▼ A murmur of admiration went around the room. “Isn’t he original!” “I do love eccentric people!” “Charming!” “That’s the New Thought!” ▼

▼ Mrs. Camp-Cook took advantage of the diversion



## THE BILIOUS- TINE

to spring her refreshments on the crowd; but Fra McGinnis balked when the sandwiches reached him.

▼ “I always charge ten dollars extra when I eat,” he said. ▼ ▼ ▼

▼ “I’m sorry,” said Mrs. Cook-Camp, in a flurried whisper. “I’m all out of change. Won’t to-morrow do?” ▼ ▼ ▼

▼ “In advance,” said the Fra, coldly.

▼ One of Mrs. Camp-Cook’s friends came to her rescue by passing the hat and collecting ten dollars; and Fra McGinnis condescended to bury a cheese sandwich and a bottle of beer. Then he relapsed into his de luxe attitude, and another long silence fell.

▼ When the guests finally exhibited symptoms of departing the hostess rose and addressed the Fra. ▼

▼ “Perhaps,” said she, “you would like to retire.”

▼ “Excepting Minneapolis,” he replied, “there is no place I would rather go to than to bed.” ▼

▼ After an effusion of admiration from the departing guests, the Fra stalked to his bed-chamber, and shortly afterward there was a deuce of a commotion, climaxing in a crash. It developed that Mrs. Camp-Cook had sent a maid servant several times to the Fra’s room to make certain that he lacked for nothing, and



**THE** that Fra, losing patience, had thrown the maid down  
**BILIOUS-** stairs. Above her wails could be heard the voice of  
**TINE** the Fra, in sonorous deprecation: ▼ ▼  
▼ “Damme, Laura, I want to be let alone!” ▼  
▼ Fortunately the maid was not much hurt, except  
in her dignity, and the incident passed. ▼

SINDBAD THE BUZZ-SAW.



*Here endeth the entertaining chronicle by Sindbad the Buzz-saw, the tailpiece being designed by Saint Susie the Illuminator; the text done into ten-point Caslon Old Style by Harry the Hand-setter, Honest Boy Grafter; the proof pulled by the Black One; and the same read by Larry the Lynx-Eyed, who was duly and properly cussed by Fra McGinnis for several inaccuracies; and the border being ingeniously devised by Daniel the Foreman, who inverted two lines-'o-type fished from the hell-box;—all these truly remarkable happenings happening to happen at the Philandery, which is in East Aurora, Ills.*

## Fra McGinnis' Lectures

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**I** DID a few preachments into stained glass attitudes and chants the past week, and was highly spoken of by the following representative papers of the United States:

### *Town Talk*

Fra McGinnis, Head Philanderer in the Boy Grafters' Philandery at East Aurora, Ill., spoke at the Town Hall last night to an audience that filled the hall and overflowed the street clear to the hay scales. To-day he is town talk and Pastor Smith is going to preach about him next Sabbath.—Kankakee [Ill.] Kohinoor.

### *He Believes in Humanity*

All the women turned out to hear Fra McGinnis at the opera house last night. The men don't seem to take no stock in him, but the women say he is just lovely. The Fra is a queer looking guy from East Aurora, Ills., who says he believes in humanity.—Tadville [Ill.] Tat-tler.

### *He Takes 'Em In*

A lady who went to hear Fra McGinnis at the town hall last night said today: "You go to him—you have to—and he takes you in." The Fra took in \$40.00.—Bannertown [Ill.] Bazoo.

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THIS COPY OF THE BILIOUSTINE IS NOT COMPLETE WITHOUT A CAN OF LOVE VIBRATIONS. IF SHY, ASK YOUR NEWSDEALER.



## THE CITY OF VELLUM:

Being six essays by Fra McGinnis, done into prunes at the Boy Grafters' Prunery (otherwise Philandery), at East Aurora, Illinois.



"The Limp Calf—A Pastoral."

"The Crush at Levant."

"Imperial Japan."

"A Few Sniggers."

"Why Get a Haircut?"

"Extracts from Tristram Shandy."



THESE are not ordinary boarding house prunes, but large, de luxe prunes, hand-picked, hand-tooled, and hand-packed. Very Boygraftie. Nine hundred and eighty-four of them have been prepared for the elect, and will be sent on suspicion. Photogravure of the gifted Fra, done on fine cambric, upon each box.

Unedda prune.

**The Long Hair Lyceum Bureau**  
*Offers for the Season of 1901-1902*

**Fra McGinnis of the Boy Grafters**  
*For a Few Choice Preachments.*

**SUBJECTS:**

1. The Boy Grafters and Their Work.
2. What I Know About the Absolute.
3. Little Journeys to the Stock-Yards.
4. The Vellum Game.



☛ State which make-up the Fra is desired in; and which collection of attitudes is preferred.

☛ NOTICE TO CLUBS: Social organizations desiring to entertain the Fra are requested to furnish to him complete lists of their members, as the Fra makes a practice of sending to them packages of his books on suspicion.

*Unneeded Preachment.*



*Art is long—*

*Why not*

*hair?*

—Fra McGinnis.





# The **B** ilioustine

A Periodical of Knock

*Knock, and the world knocks with you;  
Boost, and you boost alone.*



Done into print whenever we need the money, by the Boy Grafters at East Aurora, Illinois

~ ~ ~ 1901 ~ ~ ~

Price Twenty-Five Cents

NOTE: Originally published in the Chicago Tribune ("A Line-o'-Type-or-Two" column), written by Bert Leston Taylor and now done into a printed book and published for the Boy Grafters by William S. Lord, Evanston, Ills. (Copyright 1901, by William S. Lord. All rights reserved.) \* \* \*

BERT LESTON TAYLOR'S

# *The Bilioustine*

*Every Copy Tied with a String by Hand*

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**"A TIMELY AND MERITED SATIRE"**

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"As a well-aimed shaft of ridicule there is nothing to equal it. As a piece of humor it is a gem."—*Denver Republican*.

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Evanston, ~ ~ Illinois



# The Philanderers

Otherwise

## The Society of The Boy Grafters

AN ASSOCIATION OF CLEVER PERSONS WHO  
DO THINGS ON WATT'ELL HAND-MADE  
PAPER AND DO PEOPLE ON SUSPICION.

FRA MCGINNIS, HEAD GRAFTER.



ARTICLE xvii.—A Life Membership in the society of the Boy Grafters will set you back Twenty-five Cents, payable Every Little While. The name of the Honorary Grafter

is entered in the Cash Book, and a praise service in his name is conducted in the Philandery by Saint Barabbas. ▼ ▼ ▼

VERY SPECIAL: On receipt of Four Dollars, to cover express charges, etc., the Boy Grafters will also send a sofa pillow stuffed by hand with the Fra's summer crop of hair, and beautifully decorated by Saint Susie, the Illuminator. Very Boy-Graftie! ▼ ▼

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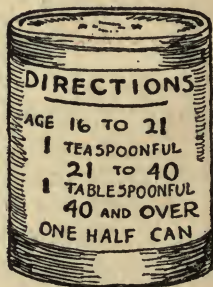
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**Fra McGinnis'**  
**Celebrated**  
**Love Vibrations**



**Cure**  
**Bil-**  
**ious-**  
**ness**



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**If Shy, Notify Your Newsdealer**

*Letters from Fra McGinnis to Major  
Lagoon, Manager of the International  
Preachment Chiffonier*



Y DEAR MAJOR:—Your letter of the 29th ult. (ulterior motive) exhibits your characteristic perspicacity and cosmic insight. Yes, I will do my preachment the coming season under your management. My price is \$300 a night and expenses. Yours for dough,  
The Philandery, Sept. 2. FRA M'GINNIS



MY DEAR MAJOR:—Three hundred dollars would be high for a highball, but not for my preachment. I am not charging for the preachment alone; I am charging for my goo-goo eyes, my hair, and my masquerade clothes. I am the best drawing card in your deck, and you know it. On second thought I have decided to soak you \$400 a night. Yours for the main chance,  
The Philandery, Sept. 6. FRA M'GINNIS



MY DEAR MAJOR:—I am not doing the preachment for my health. As a matter of fact, I shouldn't do it at all. If I were to remain in the Philandery back yard and write, I could make Carlyle or Ruskin look like a broken whiffletree on a new drag. I am sacrificing this opportunity by going out and talking to hoi polloi. I couldn't think of doing it for less than \$500 a night. Better call me this trip, or I'll raise you out of the game. Yours as before,  
The Philandery, Sept. 9. FRA M'GINNIS



MY DEAR MAJOR:—I return contract, signed. Please observe that I reserve the right to break it at any time and to jump any and all dates you may make for me. Yours as previously,  
The Philandery, Sept. 12. FRA M'GINNIS

# **The International Preachment Chiffonier**

*(Major Lagoon, Manager)*

**Offers for the Season 1901-1902**

**F R A M c G I N N I S**

**King, Queen & Jack of Grafters**

*In His Famous Preachment*

**The Boy Grafters and Their Work**

[NOTE: The Fra has canceled with the Long Hair Lyceum Bureau, and will appear only under our management.]

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## **T E S T I M O N I A L S**

Telegram to Major Lagoon, New York:

Where is Fra McGinnis? House packed. Women in tears. Wire answer.

WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

Mt. Pleasant, Ia., Nov. 20.

Telegram to Major Lagoon, New York:

Fra McGinnis was to have preached here tonight. Big house. Men fuming. Where is the cuss? Chicago, Nov. 21.

UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

Telegram to Major Lagoon, New York:

Audience waiting for preachment. Where is Fra McGinnis? Women clamorous for him. Advise at once.

Y. M. C. A.

La Crosse, Wis., Nov. 23.

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**“Successful Everywhere”**

# THE BILIOUSTINE

## STAR-GAZING

*Twinkle, twinkle, little star!  
How I wonder what you are,  
And how happy you would be  
Could you only know of me!*

## *Side Wipes by the Pastor at his Flock*



FOUR miles up the pike from the Philandery is the hamlet of Codfish Corners. ▼ There is a blacksmith shop, a store and a pump. The other day I touched up the pump for a small libation and then took the right-

hand road, went up the hill, passed the school-house, took the first turn to the left, crossed a bridge, and came to a farm that consisted mainly of weeds. Weeds were everywhere.

▼ A man lay in the shade by the roadside, pulling on a briar pipe. I accosted him as is my wont. ▼

▼ "Work," said I, "is for the worker." ▼

▼ "You can't work me, Fra," said the man, "I'm onto you." ▼

▼ "Explain yourself," said I. ▼

▼ "With pleasure," said he, and he ran a straw through the stem of his pipe. ▼ "In the

**THE** first place," he went on, "I do not feel called  
**BILIOUS-** upon to admire a book because Farmer Jim-  
**TINE** son's daughter, who doesn't belong to the  
Binders' Union, hand-stitched it with her nut-  
brown hands, or because Saint Clarence, whose  
halo doesn't fit him, hand-tooled the tail-piece  
and initial letter. Then, again, I am always  
leery of men that wear long hair in a short-  
hair age: I always think of a circus; I seem to  
hear a voice crying in the wilderness: 'Remain  
seated, ladies and gentlemen! After the regu-  
lar performance, there will be a grand sacred  
concert.' Besides your remark, that 'Work  
is for the worker,' strikes me as a common-  
place." ▼

▼ For the proprietor of so weedy a farm, the  
fellow talked very well. ▼

▼ I returned an ironical bow. "You have a  
great deal of culture, I perceive," said I, "but  
it runs mostly to weeds. I shall not quarrel  
with you on that score, however; nor shall I  
discover toward your impertinent allusion to  
my hair, aught save quiet scorn; but I must  
protest against your statement that my epi-  
gram, 'Work is for the worker,' is a common-  
place. So far is that from being true that the  
idea it voices is revolutionary. Barring the  
Philandery Push, everybody regards work as  
a somewhat that cannot be avoided, rather



## THE BILIOUS- TINE

than a somewhat to be welcomed. The popular conception of Heaven is a place where there is nothing doing." ▼ ▼

▼ "That's my conception," said the man, rising and yawning. ▼

▼ "Let us compromise," said I. "Loaf on the other shore, if you will, but work on this. Here, look at these weeds!" ▼

▼ "I don't want to," said the man, "they're depressing." ▼

▼ "Come, I'll tell you what I'll do," I offered. "I'll help you to clean up your farm and advertise myself at the same time. ▼ Pull up these weeds and cart them to the Philandery. I'll give you twenty-five cents a ton for them, dried." ▼

▼ "Much obliged," said the man, dryly, getting upon a bicycle that I had not noticed; "but you see, you cheerful lunatic, the farm doesn't belong to me; and, besides, I can make more money tending bar." ▼ Saying which he piked lightly away. ▼

▼ Full of thought, I recrossed the bridge, took the first turn to the right, passed the school-house, went down the hill, touched up the pump for another libation, and proceeded to the Philandery. ▼ ▼

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TRY A BILIOUSTINE. :: :: "ONE GIVES RELIEF."

THE  
BILIOUS-  
TINE



NOT long ago, while I was doing my celebrated preachment—I have but one—in a certain town, I was suddenly interrupted at the last comma of the eighty-second sentence. I am certain of the place, because I have done this preachment so many, many times, never varying it by so much as a hair, that its commas, semi-colons, dashes, and other points of interest are become as familiar to me as my underwear.

▼ ▼  
▼ To illustrate: Upon another occasion, in Colorado, the audience ran out to extinguish a blazing haystack, and those of them that came back did not return for three-quarters of an hour. When about to resume the thread of my preachment, I inquired of the chairman as to where I had left off. ▼ “Your last word, I believe,” said he, “was ‘the.’” ▼ “Ah, yes,” said I; “the beginning of the forty-ninth sentence.” And I proceeded. ▼ ▼

▼ The interruption that I started out to tell about was a woman’s eyes. ▼

▼ They were looking into mine. ▼

▼ It was but an instant—ere one could say, “It lightens.” But when soul embraces soul, and whispers tete-a-tete, a second is eternity.

▼ I rather fancy the turn of that sentence, especially the image of soul embracing soul.

## THE BILIOUS- TINE

▼ It was a new one on me—the woman's face—and a rather old one on her. She was thirty-seven—perhaps a month worse than that; but her eyes were moist with intelligence. They were not goo-goo. They said, as plainly as eyes could say it: “Fra, old chap, I’m onto your curves.” ▼ ▼

▼ She was not without curves herself, and I longed to know her first name, that I might call her by it. But something told me that I should never see her again. And so we spoke each other by our lamps alone, like cabs that pass in the night. Yet she will never be the same woman again. She will grow older; the parting of her hair will gradually spread; some day she may wear a wig. ▼

▼ The incident affected me into a sweet melancholy. “I wonder,” I meditated, after the preachment was done and the audience had departed, “I wonder what her first name is.”

▼ A hand touched my shoulder. It was the janitor. “I’m thinking of putting out the lights,” he said. ▼ ▼



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GET THE BILIOUSTINE, *Almost EVERYBODY READS IT*

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FRA MCGINNIS' LOVE VIBRATIONS STOP PAIN

THE  
BILIOUS-  
TINE



HAT a world this is, sweetheart!  
How large it is! And yet how  
small! ▼

▼ Ofttimes, when the day's Phil-  
andering is done, and the farmers  
have gone to their homes, I admire to sit on  
the Philandery fence and watch Orion with his  
pack come riding up the sky. ▼

▼ Isn't it fine, sweetheart, to sit on the fence  
and have thoughts like these. ▼

▼ I reckon. ▼

▼ Yonder, ever yonder, is the universe; star  
after star; world without end. ▼

▼ Yet here I am, sweetheart! ▼

▼ And there you are! ▼



WOOL-GATHERING

*I sometimes—so immersed am I  
In problems of the race—  
Forget to take my glasses off  
Before I wash my face.*

---

ANY NUMBER OF THE BILIOUSTINE  
WILL BE REPRINTED—ON SUSPICION

## *Little Liver Pills*

## THE BILIOUS- TINE



ON'T keep a good story to yourself because it is fifty years old. Some people may not have heard it.

▼ If we do not love our work, our work will not love us. Let us always love our work. ▼

▼ The Fra is ever pleased to send some of his hair to the female elect on suspicion.

▼ The work of the Olympian gods was all handwork. The bolt Jove hurled at Phæton was hand-fashioned in the Philandery of Vulcan. ▼

▼ Work and love! Love and work! How can you beat it? ▼

▼ Never do anything until you are sure that your Mental Attitude is on straight. ▼

▼ Consider the average baker. Every loaf of bread he bakes is like the next. There is no originality, no expression. What a life! Heavens! what a life!



---

PEOPLE WHO CANNOT UNDERSTAND THE BILIOUS-TINE WOULD BETTER NOT TRY.



# THE LITTLE JOURNEYS TO THE BILIOUS-HOMES OF FAMOUS CON-POSERS TINE

## *The Philandery Revisited*

*[As written by Poeta Knickerbocker (nee Pants), the initial being designed, in a dream, by Saint Mayme, and the whole licked into proper shape by the Boy Grafters at their Philandery, which is in East Aurora, Illinois, in the month of September, in the year MCMI., A. D.]*



WHEN I asked for Fra McGinnis at the Philandery (Sindbad the Buzz-Saw calls it the "Panhandlery." He is a queer person—as queer as the Fra, only in a different way), I was told that the Fra was in his study. The study, I learned, was the Philandery back yard, and I found the Fra sitting on the fence. He paid no attention to me. After awhile the silence became embarrassing.

▼ "I wonder why he sits on the fence?" I thought. ▼

▼ "To be eccentric," said the Fra.

▼ I started. "You must be a mind-reader!" I exclaimed. ▼

▼ "Everybody wonders that," said he, running his fingers through his mop of hair.

▼ "How do you do?" I inquired, timidly.

▼ "Fairly well," he replied. "My receipts fell off during July and August, but, then, nobody



buys books or goes to lectures in summer."

▼ "I meant, are you well?" I said.

▼ "Oh, I'm always well," he said. "I'm at the soup before the dinner bell is done ringing. It's all Mental Attitude. Now I'm never off my feed, because my Mental Attitude——"

▼ At this point the Fra fell off the fence, and I ran to help him up. "I hope you didn't hurt yourself," I said. He had landed on his head.

▼ "I observe by the V," he replied, "that you wear one of those new fangled corsets."

▼ Before I could recover from my confusion he had taken my hand.

▼ "Wouldn't you better sit on the fence again," I said, nervously.

▼ "No," he said; "I have been holding down that fence since grub-time. I'd like to hold your hand for a change."

▼ "But I'm married now," I said, getting more and more confused.

▼ "That doesn't matter," he said. "Ten chances to none he is not your affinity."

▼ "But I think he is."

▼ "That's it: you think he is; you don't know. If he were your affinity, you would know. Sit down on this box, Poeta. I am going to talk to you about Love."

▼ "Please don't," I begged, and tried to release my hand.

**THE BILIOUS-TINE** ▼ "Love, Poeta," said the Fra, "means many things for many people. Here are a few of the reasons: ▼

▼ "Love for conjugation. ▼

"Love for tumultuation. ▼

"Love for subjugation. ▼

"Love for beatification. ▲

"Love for hallucination. ▼

"Love for domination. ▼

"Love for publi——" ▼

▼ "You are squeezing my hand," I cried.

"Don't interrupt me," said the Fra. "I have forty more reasons." ▼

▼ "If you please, I'd rather talk about something else," I said.

▼ "Very well; let us talk about Work," he said. "Work is the next best thing to Love."

"I'm afraid I don't think that way," I said with a sigh. ▼

▼ "Because, perhaps, you have not found your Work, or your Work has not found you."

▼ "But I don't have to work now: I'm married," I reminded him. ▼

"I do not mean drudgery—machine work," he said. "I mean Hand Work. Do things by hand—open a hand laundry; run a hand-car. You might at least do a handspring. Come, let me see you do a handspring."

▼ "I'd rather not," I said nervously. ▼

▼ “Oh, very well,” he said wearily, and resumed his seat on the fence. ▼

▼ “I think I would better be going now,” I said. “Thank you so much for your talk. I’ve enjoyed my visit so much.”

▼ “Would you like some of my hair?” asked the Fra. ▼

▼ “Thank you—you gave me a lock when I was here before.” ▼

▼ “Take some more,” he said, chopping off a handful and throwing it down to me. “I have more hair than I can comb. Farewell!” ▼

▼ With which he stared fixedly skyward, and, thanking him again, I tripped lightly away. ▼

POETA KNICKERBOCKER



*[And so endeth the Little Journey, as written by Poeta Knickerbocker (nee Pants), the tailpiece being designed by that skilled and worthy Boy Grafter, Saint Buncombe; the text done into ten point Old Style by Gold Cure George, Reformed Boy Grafter; and the rest of the job being duly and properly attended to by divers and sundry other Boy Grafters—at the Philandery, which, as previously noted, is in East Aurora, Illinois, U. S. A., in the month of September, in the year MCMI., A. D.]*

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THE BILIOUSTINE IS FOR KNOCKERS. EVERY BOOST IS A KNOCK.

# THE BILIOUS- TINE

## WEARINESS

*I am so weary in the morn—  
Too weary clothes to don.  
I wish the custom were to pull  
Them off, instead of on.*

### *Mr. Dubbe's Little Journey*

*[As done into "copy" by Mr. Criticus Flub-Dubbe, the initial letter being hand-tooled by Saint Sinceridad, and the whole done into a lovely thing by the Boy Grafters, at their Philandery, etc.]*

**I**F you'll come down off that fence, Mr. McGinnis, I'll talk to you," said I." And not without impatience; for I had been idling in the Philandery back yard five minutes or more, waiting for the Fra to recognize me. My impatient utterance evoked a response. ▼

▼ "Why, hello, Dubbe?" said he, in simulated surprise. "How did you blow in? I told them to keep the Philandery door closed."

▼ "You are impertinent," I answered warmly.

▼ "So are you," he rejoined. "My name is 'Fra' McGinnis—not 'Mister' McGinnis."

▼ "Mister is good enough for me," I said stiffly. "One of the things I came here to talk with you about is this 'Fra' nonsense." ▼

▼ "You selected an unfortunate time to butt in," said he. "I was in the throes of composition; one of the best things I've done. Listen:

*"I wish the law of gravity  
Would work the other way;  
For then when I fell off the fence——"*

## THE BILIOUS- TINE

▼ "Well?" said I, interested in spite of myself.

▼ "That's where you interrupted me."

▼ "I'm extremely sorry." ▼

▼ "That won't finish the quatrain. What do you think of it as far as it goes."

▼ "It lacks convincingsity," said I. "For, you see, if the law of gravity worked the other way, you wouldn't fall off the fence."

▼ "Certainly I should," he replied, "only instead of falling down, I should fall up."

▼ "Can one fall up?" ▼

▼ "Just as easily as two. People fall upstairs."

▼ "That's a quibble." ▼

▼ "So is a hen." ▼

▼ "I'm afraid we're wandering from the subject," said I.

▼ "Well, let's get back to it. What rhymes with 'way'?" ▼

▼ "Hay—play—recherché."

▼ "They won't do," said he, after a little reflection. "Hold on!—I have it!—

*"I wish the law of gravity  
Would work the other way;  
For then when I fell off the fence,  
I'd push the clouds away."*

▼ "That won't do, either," I objected. "You make the syllable 'way' do double service."

THE  
BILIOUS-  
TINE

▼ “That’s true,” said he. “How do you like:

*“In cloudland I would stray?”*

▼ “Weak,” I replied. “The other is better.”

▼ “Never mind,” said he; “I’ll think of it by and——”

▼ He finished the sentence by falling off the fence on his head. I assisted him to rise.

▼ “Third time to-day,” he remarked, rubbing his head.

▼ “Why the devil do you perch on such a high fence?” said I.

▼ “For the same reason that Teufelsdröckh lived in an attic in Weissnichtwo—to be alone with the Stars.”

▼ “Then,” said I, “I would suggest some such contrivance as window washers wear; else some fine day, you’ll crack your crown.”

▼ “That’s it!” cried the Fra. “That’s the very idea I have been groping for! Listen now:

*“I wish the law of gravity  
Worked up instead of down:  
For then when I fell off the fence,  
I shouldn’t crack my crown.”*

▼ “Now that that’s off your mind,” said I, “answer me a plain question: What is the explanation of the insufferable rot with which you afflict the public, under the name ‘THE BILIOUSTINE’?”



▼ "What," he returned, "was the explanation of Barnum's circus?"

▼ "Barnum said the people liked to be humbugged," said I.

▼ "It looks like rain," said the Fra, gazing skyward.

CRITICUS FLUB-DUBBE

THE  
BILIOUS-  
TINE



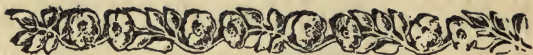
[So here endeth the *Little Journey*, as written by hand by Mr. Criticus Flub-Dubbe; the tail-piece being hand-painted by Saint Sally of the Philandery Alley. the paper cut by hand by Sindbad the Buzz-Saw; the ink mixed by Saint Johnny the Devil; the proof pulled by Saint Jimmy the Dope Fiend, and read by Larry the Lynx-Eyed; the page closed by Daniel the Foreman, and stereotyped by Simon the Shirtless; and the press fed by Saint Phillip the Profane;—all of which, Fra McGinnis here certifies, was done at the Philandery, in the month of September, and the year MCMI., A. D.]

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#### GRAPE DREAMS

*I wish that I could always tell  
Which horse would finish first:  
For I'd be able then to quench  
A most expensive thirst.*

THE  
BILIOUS-  
TINE



*Articles of Faith*



BELIEVE in Fra McGinnis. I believe he is hot stuff. ▼

▼ I believe in the Body Beautiful, and the Saturday night bath. ▼

▼ I believe that the love of man for woman is a good thing, and fully equal to the love of woman for man. ▼

▼ I believe in Watt'ell paper and Japan velum, in long hair and hand-painted initials. I believe they are good for the race.

▼ I believe that Walt Whitman was a good hobo, and that Henry Thoreau knew beans.

▼ I believe that the best way to prepare for a Future Life is to get born, and to finish Monday before beginning Tuesday. ▼

▼ I believe that Knock is as necessary to the universe as Boost. ▼

▼ I believe that I am here today and may be gone tomorrow. Such things have happened.


▼ I believe that I may believe something entirely different next week, if I happen to take a notion. ▼

[Sign here] \_\_\_\_\_

[Witness] \_\_\_\_\_

## To Lovers and Book Lovers:

---

HE LUXURY EDITION of the BILIOUSTINE No. 1 is the Swell-est Thing that the Boy Grafters have as yet turned out of the Philandery; and that leaves nothing to be said, still less to be desired. ▼ It is the Jumping-Off Place in Book-Doing, the Ne Plus Ultra of the E Pluribus Unum. This remarkable book has about it the delicate perfume of the Ideal, the elusive flavor of the Missal. Saints and Saintesses have reverently handled it, page by page and part by part. ▼

*By saintly hands the press was fed;  
By home-made rolls the ink was spread.*

The press, even, was trod by hand. And always with the Ideal in sight, or just around the Philandery fence. ▼ ▼

---

*Carefully impressed upon hand-laundered, Watt'ell paper;  
bound in Burlap specially imported from Burlapia; and  
stenciled by the cunning hand of Saintess Genevieve. It's a peach*

---

**“Generously Good”**

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### **AFFINITIES WANTED—MALE.**

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**REFINED YOUNG LADY WOULD LIKE AN** affinity; must be born in the Water domain. Am 24 years old, born under the beginning of the sign Scorpio, with the moon in the ascendant, Oct. 30, 10 p. m., Eastern time. Pretty and accomplished; no love affairs. Address Ariadne, care the Philandery.

**AFFINITY WANTED BY LADY UNHAPPILY** married, who has applied for a divorce; one born in Aquarius preferred. Am 45 years old, but well preserved, thanks to the influence of Venus in conjunction with Mars and the ascendancy of the moon in the fifteenth aspect. Born Feb. 14, midnight, Rocky Mountain time; blue eyes and golden hair. Fond of Maeterlinck. Address Mismatched, care the Philandery.

**AFFINITY WANTED; MUST BE BORN IN** the sign Taurus and soul key of F sharp, on or about April 30. Am 18 years old and very beautiful, and capable of intensest love. Do not care for books and music; fond of good eating, theatres and other pleasures. Address, Alice, care the Philandery.

**FIRE DOMAIN AFFINITY WANTED BY** handsome young widow, who never had one. Am 32 years old, born in the sign Sagittarius, Dec. 10, 3:30 a. m., central time, with Venus in conjunction with Jupiter and Saturn in his second house. Dark complexion, eyes and hair; vivacious and loving. Favorite poet, Ella Wheeler Wilcox; favorite composer, Sousa. Address Ardentia, care the Philandery.

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**THE BOY GRAFTERS ARE ALWAYS PREPARED TO DO YOU ON SUSPICION.**




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**AFFINITIES WANTED — FEMALE.**

---

**GENTLEMAN UNHAPPILY MARRIED** seeks affinity born in Earth domain. Am short and inclined to stoutness, dark eyes and hair; of a lively disposition, and fond of a good time. Would prefer an affinity born in sign Virgo; if not Virgo, Capricorn may do. Address Cosmic, the Philandery.

**WEALTHY WIDOWER, 45, WOULD LIKE** to meet affinity; object, mental embrace. Born in sign Libra; easy-going disposition; fond of music, books, painting, and other mental things; strong cosmic insight. Address Scholar, the Philandery.

**ONE OR MORE AFFINITIES WANTED BY** bachelor of 40; clubman, wealthy and amiable. Any old zodiacal sign will do; but affinity must be handsome and good form. State age and previous entanglements, if any. All correspondence strictly confidential. Address Hotbyrd Coldbottle, the Philandery.

**HOROSCOPES CAST WHILE YOU WAIT.** Affinities located and umbrellas recovered. Pointers on bad days and good. Tells when to go on a journey. Tips on training children. Know thyself. Address Zeno, Astrologer, care the Philandery.

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# VERY SPECIAL!

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**F**OLLOWING the example of their beloved pastor, Fra McGinnis, the entire Philandery flock will take to the lecture platform this winter, and spread throughout the land, the gospel of Love and Work. The following choice preachments are now ready:

**"Love for Love's Sake; A New Proposition,"** by Saintess Mayme. This young lady was formerly typewritist to Fra McGinnis, and is thoroughly in touch with his ideas. Terms: Fifty dollars a night and expenses.

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